Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauy husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: y'are welcome home my Lord.
Baſſ. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe,
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it (Loue) ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did giue me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poeſie or the value;
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue, and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke; no God's my Iudge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Ner. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand *I* gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clarke,
A prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oaths vpon your finger,
And ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him ſweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands;
I dare be ſworne for him he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cauſe of greeſe,
And twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeed
Deſeru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begd mine,
And neither man nor maſter would take ought
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.
Por. Euen ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed,
Vntill I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I againe ſee mine.